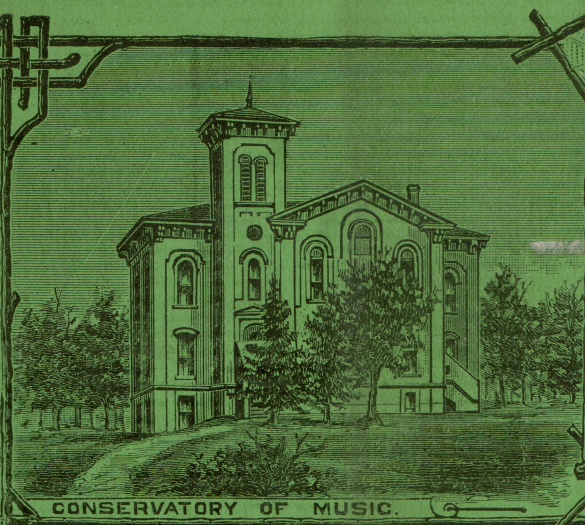

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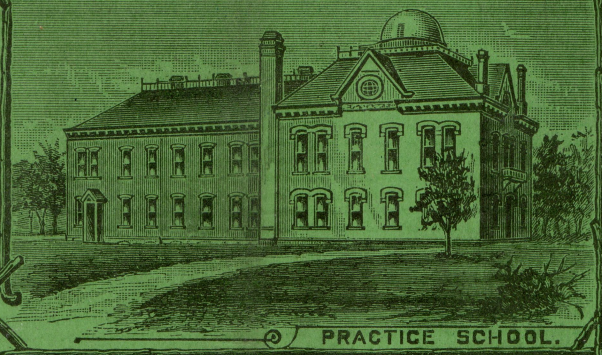

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THE NORMAL NEWS

MAY, 1887.

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THE NORMAL NEWS.

VOL. 6. YPSILANTI, MICH., MAY, 1887. NO. 9.

GREEK ACCENTS.

Air:—Tit Willow.

I.

A School boy I saw in a fit of despair,
Sighing, "Accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"
As he seized the *penultimate* lock of his hair,
Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!
His brow was as *grave* as a cemetery,
He had a wild *circumflex* look in his eye,
Whilst in *acute accents* of grief he did cry
"Oh accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"

II.

Before him lay open a theme-book o'erspread
With accents, Greek accents, Greek accents:
But most of these little marks figured in red
As accents, Greek accents, Greek accents.
"I am greatly *inclined*," so he said, with a groan,
"To leave these nonsensical accents alone;
"I'm in want of a *tonic*, the *quantity's* known"
"Oh accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"

III.

In the course of the day he was laid in the tomb,
Sighing, "Accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"
"Death by *accident*," doctors pronounced was his doom;
Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!
His *ending* was due to a memory *weak*,
There was much in his *case* that was sadly *oblique*.
Though his lot was *Elysian** his manes still shriek,
"Oh, accents, Greek accents, Greek accents!"

Stonyhurst Magazine.

*Elision?—ED. S. M.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

CLYDE E. HOLDEN, HISTORY CLASS.

Ever since the time of Jonah, the Fishery question has been agitated on some part of the globe; but we are to consider that part which concerns our own nation most, viz., the fisheries of the United States and Canada. The fisheries of America were an important item in the time of the colonies, and a great inducement to many who came across the ocean to enjoy religious freedom. They furnished profitable employment to many; consequently the waters were fished by the colonists throughout the entire limits of their grants. After the Treaty of Paris in 1763, when England came into possession of Canada, the fishing grounds were much enlarged. The colonists now enjoyed unbounded prosperity in fishing. This prosperity came to an end at the close of the Revolutionary War. When peace was concluded and the colonies were no longer colonies, but a rival nation, it became a question how far, by their success, they had forfeited their privileges, and to what extent they might be restored to their enjoyment. This was settled by the treaty of September third, 1783, (sometimes called the Treaty of Paris) which in substance is as follows:—

"It is agreed that the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy unmolested the right to take fish of every kind on the Great Banks and on all other banks of Newfoundland, also on the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish; and also that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use; but not to dry or cure the same on said island, and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of Britain's dominion in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen island, and Labrador so long as the same shall remain unsettled; but as the same or either of them shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such settlement without permission from the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground."

In short, they were not to land to dry or cure fish on any part of Newfoundland, and only on such parts of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Island, and Labrador as were not settled, and not on any part which was not settled then, after it became settled.

Matters remained in this position until the war of 1812, when all privileges in connection with the fisheries terminated. When the treaty of peace was made at Ghent in 1814, something was said about the fisheries, but it was not definitely settled until 1818 when commissioners

THE YPSILANTIAN JOB PRINTING HOUSE, YPSILANTI, MICH.

met in London and made the following treaty:—"It is agreed by the contracting parties that the inhabitants of the United States shall have forever, in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Ramean Islands, on the north and western coast of Newfoundland from said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and also on the coasts, bays, harbors, and creeks from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast without prejudice, however, to any of the exclusive rights of the Hudson Bay Company, and that the American fishermen shall also have liberty forever to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks in the southern part of the coast of Newfoundland hereabove described, and of the coast of Labrador; but so soon as the same or any portion thereof shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for said fishermen to dry or cure fish at such portion so settled without previous agreement for such purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground. *And the United States hereby renounce forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included in the above mentioned limits.* Provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbors for the purpose of shelter and for repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as shall be necessary to prevent their taking, drying, or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them."

The American fishermen carried on their vocation under this treaty until 1854, when the reciprocity treaty was made, by which all British waters on the east coast of North America were opened to the United States fishermen, and the United States waters north of the 39th parallel, to British fishermen, and certain articles of native produce of both countries, such as timber, wheat, fish-oil, etc., were to be admitted to either country free of any duty. This treaty was to remain in force for ten years, or for twelve months after either party should give notice to the other of their wish to terminate the same.

In 1865, the United States minister to England declared that the United States wished to end the treaty, so twelve months after, this treaty came to an end (1866). Then England declared that the United States fishermen should pay a license for the privilege of fishing in any part of the Canadian waters. The first year the United States fishermen took out 354 licenses, and in 1869 only 25. Still there were just as many fishing. Difficulties arose and many American vessels were seized, and the owners tried in courts of admiralty, some suffering the penalty of forfeiture. These difficulties had a tendency toward war. Another treaty seemed necessary, so it was left to a joint high commission. They met at Washington and made what is called the Washington Treaty, to take effect June 7, 1873, and to last twelve years. This treaty granted all the privileges of the treaty of 1818, and also to take fish of every kind in any of the Canadian waters with permission to land for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish. A corresponding liberty being granted to British fishermen in the waters of the United States north of the 39th parallel. It was further agreed that the American citizens should pay for these extra privileges enjoyed beyond the 1818 treaty, and that the amount should be left to a commission of three which should meet in the city of Halifax. The Queen of England appointed one, the President of the United States another and these two were to appoint a third. They could not agree, so the Emperor of Austria-Hungary appointed him. They were appointed in 1877, and on the 23d of November, the same year, they decided that the United States should pay England $5,500,000 as compensation for the privileges granted them by the Washington Treaty beyond those of the 1818 treaty. The United States paid this sum, and the much-vexed fishery question was once more settled. But this treaty ended on the 30th of June, 1885, and now for the third time the convention of London comes to the front as the only authority whereby the mutual relation of Canada and the United States may be determined.

The good judgment displayed by England and

the United States in settling this question heretofore, leads us to believe there is no danger of a war. The Treaty of 1818, the Reciprocity Treaty, 1854, the Washington Treaty of 1871, and the Halifax Commission of 1877, when placed side by side with the Geneva tribunal at which the Alabama Claims found a peaceful settlement, present a picture that every right thinking subject of Great Britain and the United States, two of the most powerful nations of the globe, must look upon with unbounded pride. The lesson that it teaches is one which the world greatly needs to learn in these days when human ingenuity has been drawn to its utmost tension to invent more destructive machinery for the slaughter of men.

While nearly every other nation of the world settles its difficulties with other nations by the sword, England and the United States refer their difficulties to the peaceful arbitrament of Christian men sitting without show or parade of any kind in open court. In the present trouble between Canada and the United States both countries claim they are right. The United States claims that, by the Halifax Commission by which she paid $5,500,000 for the privileges she enjoyed beyond those of the 1818 treaty, she had a right to do all she has done.

Canada claims that by the clause of the 1818 treaty which says, "American fishermen shall enter Canadian bays, etc., for the purpose of shelter, repairing, obtaining water, of purchasing fuel, and for no other purpose whatever," the American fishermen landing and sending their fish across Canada have in a Canadian view violated the treaty which prevents their landing in Canada for this purpose, and hence the trouble. The fishery question is one of vast importance to the citizens of the United States, for statistics show that the people, every Friday, actually consume enough fish if they were all put into one fish to make one that would reach from Ypsilanti to San Francisco. But when it takes such of England's men as Justin McCarthy to reach the minds of Normal students we fear not for the United States.

A summer school for students and teachers will be organized at Cleary's Business College during July and August. For circulars giving full particulars, call at the College office, or address, P. R. CLEARY, Principal,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

ELIZA MCDONALD, ATHENEUM.

For two years, Babylon, the most magnificent city of the east, has been besieged by Cyrus, the Persian, but without success. The great walls with their hundred brazen gates, render the city secure from the assaults of the enemy from without; while the vast stores of provisions, sufficient for many years, secures it from the horrors of famine, an enemy more to be feared than any mortal foe.

As no attack has been made for many days, the Babylonians have gradually been lulled into a false feeling of security, and pursue their usual avocations, forgetful of the watchful enemy without, ready to take advantage of the least negligence.

For the second time during the siege, the week of the great national festival has returned; and as if to show their contempt for the besiegers, it has been celebrated with even more than the usual rejoicing. For seven days and nights, the festival has continued; and now, on the eighth and last night, drunken riot and mad excitement hold possession of the town. Even the soldiers have deserted their posts to join in the festivities, leaving the walls unwatched and undefended.

The great banquet hall of the palace presents a scene of almost fairy-like magnificence, for tonight the king feasts with a thousand of his chosen lords. The walls are inlaid with plates of beaten gold, from which the light of thousands of candles is reflected with a radiance almost too great to be endured. The floor is covered with those rich carpets for which the looms of Babylon are so justly renowned. Stands bearing vases of flowers are dispersed through the apartments, mingling their delicate fragrance with the rich odors of perfumes. Bands of musicians scattered through the apartment, prepare to delight the ears of the guests with their sweetest strains; while the almost interminable tables stretching down the hall, seem as if they must give way under the load of gold and silver plate which they bear.

As the guests enter, they are met by the master of ceremonies, and ushered to their seats. At length, when all are seated, a loud burst of martial music announces the coming of the king. As he enters the hall, followed by his attendants, the whole multitude arises, and receives him

with shouts of "Victory to the King!" many times repeated.

But at length the king takes his seat, attendants enter, bearing all the materials of the banquet, and the feast begins. The wine cup is not spared, and as the evening advances, the vast hall is filled with maddest riot and confusion.

But while the merriment is at its height, the uproar suddenly ceases, and all is still as death. The affrighted multitude huddle together, and each person turns to his neighbor, as if to ask the meaning of this strange, mysterious silence which hangs over them like a pall. The light of the candles slowly dies away; but before the last gleam fails, an intolerable radiance fills the room, before which the light of candles is as that of stars before the noonday sun. This as slowly passes away, and the multitude is left in utter darkness, save for a strange glimmer upon the eastern wall. This gradually shapes into a gigantic hand of light, which moves slowly and solemnly across the wall, leaving behind it strange, mysterious words. Then the hand disappears, but the wonderous words remain, gleaming and glistening in strange and solemn beauty. None among the company can read this strange language. In vain are all the Chaldeans, the astrologers and soothsayers called. No one among them can succeed. Then a sudden thought strikes the queen. Let Daniel be called. Daniel, the wise man who served Nebuchadnezzar. A grave, majestic looking man enters, prostrates himself before the king, and then reads and interprets, Listen, O King, to the words of thy doom! "This is the writing that was written, Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." And that same night is the prohpecy fulfilled, Belshazzar, the King, is slain, and his kingdom given to the Medes and Persians.

THE PERPETUITY OF THOUGHT.

E. V. BLAKESLEE OLYMPIC.

The sage assertion of Solomon that there is nothing new under the sun, seems also to suggest the thought that under the sun there is nothing enduring. With our present surroundings, and under the circumstances which we who are gathered here at present find ourselves, the full force of this suggestion may not at first present itself. The greater, and, we hope, the better part of life is still before us. Hope and ambition shine like stars along our paths, as yet untrod, and the world with all its brightness and beauty, its attractive and alluring scenes and sounds that beckon from the enchanted distances of the future, fills full our hearts with impressions of its endurance and perpetuity.

Our daily experience with material things with which we in contact come, teaches us that there is nothing enduring. The common destiny of kingdoms and creatures, the creatures that live and move, the trees and flowers that deck the world with beauty and fill it with sweet odors, and the gold that in the earth's deep bosom seems hidden from time and change,—life, bloom, odors, gold, all alike must bow to change inevitable and silently fade away. What a wonderful piece of mechanism is the locomotive; grand, powerful, symmetrical, fitted to carry us on the wings of the wind across the continent, bring man into closer communication with his fellow men, lessen the ravages of war, spread intelligence through the land, consolidate the government making it grander, stronger, and more perpetual,—it is seemingly in itself so strong and perfect as to present a challenge of defiance to all the laws of nature and of God; and yet, my friends, in the flight of time, how soon will come the hour when this mighty impersonation of stability and strength will have lost its usefulness, when its strength shall have departed; and when, as a servant of man, it shall have ceased to exist.

Human governments may have been formed by the most thoughtful, the most prudent, and by the men who are best skilled in the philosophy of government. The working machinery may have been handled by men of reputation, honor and character—men who were the best qualified and the most careful in running the machinery of a government to insure its perpetuity; they may make it put on the outward form of the monarchy or of the republic, cause it to take the shape of a despotism or democracy, allow tyranny to wield its sceptre or republicanism to direct its functions; the care and authority may be rested in kingscraft or exercised through political equalities, yet how soon will it be known as a thing of the past. In France, the torch of revolution was kindled by official outrage and wild mobism which, touched to princi-

ples, burned in one short hour the settled forms of centuries of slow growth. Clovis formed a monarchy away back in the fifth century, memorable for thirteen hundred years of imperial sweep, which like a potter's vessel was shivered to atoms and swept away as the rubbish of worn out forms.

The slow growth of an age may perish in a single moon. So true! how true, are the words of the poet:—

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,
An hour may lay it in the dust."

And thus it is of all the visible creations of God and man. They are but the material illustrations of thought; and the material may fade and crumble, the visible be lost to view, yet the thought which gave them birth lives on as fresh and strong as in the moment of its greatest power. Thoughts that entered the world at its earliest dawn, are yet in its high noontide, living and exerting power, and will live on with increasing force and gathering good until the end of time. There is imbedded in the human heart a feeling of forgiveness, kindness and hospitality, which never fails to present itself whenever we find any member of the human family in want; our first impulse is to aid and assist them. From the human heart there goes out a feeling of forgiveness to the most fiendish culprit, when he pleads for mercy. Eighteen hundred years before the Christian era, Adam taught this principle and set us this example of tender charity. These grand thoughts and principles have been instilled into the human heart so perfectly, that they have become part of our nature; and instead of the ravages of time causing them to lose their force and be forgotten, they have been engraved still deeper in the heart of mankind, and become the vital and glorious principles of our civilization. Therefore, until charity shall have ceased to be the sweet theme of heaven, until sympathy and patience and tenderness, the brightest flowers that bloom in the garden of the heart, in short, until eternity shall have come and gone, or the meaning its sight and sound now gives, shall no more to it apply, their destruction can never come.

You all well remember the saying of Christ when nailed to the cross suffering sorrow, sadness, agony, degradation and death, all for the sins of the world. Ah! what a scene was there, —doubting, unbelieving, curious, cruel people assembled to witness the death of the Saviour of man; and while suffering all the agonies possible for man to suffer, not a groan, not a cry, not a word of complaint was heard from the innocent sufferer, but that grand, pure and noble soul raised his face towards the heavens and uttered the divinest exclamation ever recorded in history, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

My friends, the thoughts expressed in those few words will never be forgotten. Century may count upon century, empires rise to the highest elements of strength and glory then fade away, the world may be revolutionized by political institutions, the eternal pyramids of Egypt—the most stupendous masses of building in stone that human labor has ever accomplished—will crumble into dust and be borne by the four winds to the nethermost parts of the earth, still the precious sentiments of the dying Nazarine will live on and on with increasing force until time shall be no more.

The creations out of material things all fade and decay, the strongest cannot stand the waste of time; but a few centuries at the longest. Thus runs the story of the "Collossus of Rhodes," "The Pharos of Alexandria," "The Temple of Diana," and of "Mighty Babylon," which rose from infancy to maturity, and from maturity it has passed into that inevitable doom of decay which awaits the mightiest of empires, as certainly as it does the meanest of mortals. But how different are the thoughts and influences of the great teachers of the past, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Luther, Paul and Christ. Their teachings have not only lived, but have increased in power and wonder by the flow of centuries.

A thought can never die; there never comes a time when it reaches its maturity, and when its growth is complete; its influence is immutable and eternal. Once born, it lives forever, and is as immortal as the soul that gave it birth.

TRUE HEROISM.

ELLA HYNES, ADELPHIC.

We hear much about the heroes of the battlefield; poems are written and songs sung in honor of those brave men who went forth to battle for the maintenance of their liberties and in defense of their country's flag.

Many a man under a wild impulse has joined the ranks of soldiers, and when called to active

engagement with the missiles of death raining around him and comrades falling by his side, has been stirred to forgetfulness and frenzy and under the inspiration of fife and drum has fought like a tiger. The roar of cannon and the smoke of battle lend their inspiring influence for noble deeds of daring.

But are there no heroes but those found upon the battle-field? Upon the still night there comes that dread cry of fire. From yonder building, tongues of flames are darting here and there, devouring all within their reach; above the roar and crackle is heard the cry for help; a human being is threatened with a horrible death. The fireman comes, and forgetting his own danger, mounts the frail ladder and in triumph bears his burden to a place of safety. Who can estimate the value of that heroic deed? He has saved a life, not taken one.

On every side is a call for men of character, worth, and integrity, who will manfully battle for the right and uphold the banner of justice against fearful odds. The great moral reformers of today can only be true, staunch, and heroic men who are not carried hither and thither by every wind that blows.

It takes moral courage for a young man to resist the temptations that beset him on every side and to finally say "no" to every allurement that would lead him from the path of virtue.

We seem to find the highest type of heroism in woman. With her it is a heroism of the heart and spirit; her fortitude under adversity has become proverbial. When adversity comes to the home the man is liable to sink beneath the blow, and many times is only saved by the kind words of cheer and encouragement which he receives from his more hopeful companion.

Every day we read of some shocking accident which has deprived a wife and children of their only support. Does that mother despair? No; with a heroism unsurpassed she gathers her helpless ones about her and commences the battle of life alone. Many times the fighting continues through long, dreary years without a word of encouragement or help, and when it is over the tired body is laid to rest without the roar of cannon or the sound of muffled drum. Though no requiem is sung above her grave, yet the glad shouts of welcome await her on the other shore. She has been a brave soldier in the battle of life and hers is the victory.

Every act, no matter how humble, if well performed, is ennobling. There is something beautiful in the life that meets each duty with a cheerful obedience. Obstacles are met with all along the journey, some of them seem insurmountable, but every such barrier broken down is a victory won, and that life which can carve for itself a new channel when beaten back and nearly crushed by difficulties, has fought a battle greater than any Waterloo.

There are physical, moral, and intellectual battles to be fought, many of them unseen to the world. To be victorious there must be unceasing fighting, and it takes the truest heroism to remain undaunted in the strife. If there are no glad shouts of comrades spurring us on, we must fight alone; but in such cases the victory is the grandest the world has ever seen.

Let us then be heroes in the battle-field of life,
With our banners ever waving in the thickest of the strife;
Then shall failures cease forever, and shall man's progressive mind,
Freely soar and all unfettered, as its Maker, God, designed.

BOOKS.

JOHN A. WELLS, CRESCENT.

Thomas Carlisle once said, "Of all wonderful things made by man here below, the most wonderful, momentous, and worthy of preservation are the things we call books."

Emerson asks us to "consider what we have in the smallest library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civilized countries, in a thousand years, have set, in their best order, the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hid and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette, but the thoughts which they did not uncover to their bosom friends are here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age."

Most of America's famous men have had large libraries. Garfield's house was literally filled with books; in the sitting room, upon the parlor tables, on the walls of the library, wherever one looked in Garfield's home he was sure to see plenty of books. In the single instance of this distinguished man we see illustrated the saying that "knowledge is power." Garfield's love for reading and the gaining of knowledge is what made him a great man.

Someone has written that "Books are our life-

long friends whom we come to know and love as we do our children." And it is a fact that the longer we own our books, and the more we read them, the more we come to think of them.

There are those who read all their lives, and yet it can not be seen that they make much improvement; while others of more acute intellect read but little, and still they become well informed. Lincoln was a man of this class. When young, his library consisted of three books: the Bible, the Life of Washington, and the Biography of Henry Clay. It is perhaps well that he had but these three. By reading the Life of Washington, Lincoln gained a sound understanding of a portion of the history of his country; by reading the Biography of Clay, he formed a high ideal of manhood; he became inspired with the idea that he, too, might become a distinguished man.

Longfellow describes the blacksmith as "toiling, sorrowing, rejoicing, onward through life." This is the way it is with us all. Every life, no matter if it has "hours that are rich with love and moments that are jeweled with a joy," has also hours of despondency. Weak and strong alike are affected in this way. On the weak and on the strong in their hours of weakness, books have a remarkable influence, in encouraging, in inspiring, and in giving pleasure.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF SHAKESPEARE.

PERRY F. POWERS.

Among my many visions of the past, that will in memory again and again return, is most often seen one that comes most vivid now, as my thoughts precede my pen in a partial presentation of my most ambitious theme—the "Lights and Shades of Shakespeare."

It was near the close of a bright, beautiful day in September. My position was on a hillside near the town of my childhood's home in southern Ohio. Above me were great, grey rocks, the extended arms of the body of which the hill was formed, and the tops of which were crowned with laurel bushes. At the foot of the hill lay a beautiful meadow, the farther skirts of which were bordered with a tortuous winding stream. Had the scene I have thus far presented been the limit of my view, on that pleasant September evening, there would have been little in the lulling dreams and quiet peace its contemplation would have brought to bring it now so fresh and clear before me. But my view extended beyond the stream and embraced within its scope scenes that could hardly be termed picturesque or beautiful, yet scenes that to me then and yet do seem, strikingly suggestive and attractive.

Not many rods from the farthest crook of the little creek commenced the grounds and surroundings of one of the large iron furnaces, of which southern Ohio has so many. The immense iron stack, in which the ore was melted and the iron separated from the dross, was situated in the centre of the buildings, sheds and kilns of ore. To the left of the furnace stack could be seen the gloomy mouth of a coal mine which reached the vein of coal, fifty feet below, by means of a sloping shaft. Beyond the furnace, away from its noise and grime and toil, there came in view the handsome homes and streets and stores of the little town from which I had strayed; and beyond the town, through the darkening shadows of the closing day, could yet be seen the barns and fields of neighboring farms.

It would seem impossible to imagine a scene presenting contrasts more extreme than were there spread before me, but a passing glimpse of which I am here permitted to portray. The meadow and stream at the foot of the hill, the fierce roaring fires of the furnace, the dark-mouthed mine, the homes of the town, the fields and flocks of the farms in the distance, presented in vivid reality not only the light and shade that would an artist please, but the lights and shades of real life as well. The lives of the toilers at the furnace, not a little of which I knew, stood over against those of the dwellers of the happy homes beyond, in contrast as extreme as did the fierce red flames present to the meadow bright and green; and not more cheerless or devoid of the light and warmth of the sun was the damp depths of the gloomy mine, than were the lives of many of the wretched miners devoid of the light and brightness of real life, or the warmth that enkindles the soul and makes the heart to glow.

Thus the scene, and these the thoughts that came to me in that evening of the past, and not dissimilar, though separated far may seem the themes, are the sights and sounds, the influences and impressions, that strongest strive for expression in the portrayal of the gems of genius found

in the writings of that wizard of words, that imperial monarch of imagination and emotion, Shakespeare.

If from the fact that I have accepted a theme that had for its purpose a grouping of some of the extremes presented by Shakespeare—nobility and grandeur of manhood and womanhood, that placed their possessors as high above the level of life in his day as were the rugged rocks above the flowing stream and meadow; passions, divine as well as demonish, as fierce and all-consuming of that upon which they fed as were the highly heated furnace fires; deceit and treachery, false and base as could be coined with God-made man as metal; love, loyalty, virtue and patriotism, as ardent, earnest and inspiring as by the mind of man could be conceived,—if it is thought that I shall further dwell upon or attempt an analysis of any motive, passion or expression, beyond that given by the grand master whose pupil I at present am, then indeed is the expectation of my readers greater than my conceit, and their fears lest I should boldly tread on ground that from the cant and quibble of common minds should sacred be, can now depart, for such intrusion is not my present will or wish.

To the characters that Shakespeare has created, to the men and women that from his brain have sprung full fledged, and have taken their places in our traditions and literature, and almost in our histories, to them the merest mention of his name will cause the mind to turn, and as in memory or in fancy they appear, there with them come the pleasing rays that friendship's presence casts, the light that touches the heart, that shines in the soul, or with them there comes a gloom, a deep dislike that darkens even the sunniest scene or with forebodings fill what else would be a happy dream.

Take for example, our brief acquaintance with the sad, sweet Ophelia, a character as gentle, pure and fair as are our conceptions of souls redeemed. Comes there not with the sound of her name, a softened sympathy that stills the hearts to gentle admiration. We hear her low submissive replies to the presuming counsel of her brother Laertes, her modest confession to her father of Hamlet's avowal of affection and note her mingling of pity and fear and love in her communications with and while in the presence of the Melancholy Dane himself. What heart attuned to pity or by sorrow in the slightest softened, can reflect on the pitiful, witless wreck that is presented as a parting glance at this fair creature and fail to more responsive beat to the tenderness that from its source attests the kinship of humanity. They were touches deft that could have only by a master hand been given that, at the grave of Ophelia in lines so few, presents the abhorrent doctrine that ground held holy by the church would be profaned by folding her pure flesh within its bosom, and notes the refusal of the priests to sing the requiem of peace-parted souls over her stainless dust. And how well are the sentiments aroused in all our breasts expressed by the impetuous loving brother, "Lay her i' the earth: and from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priests, a ministering angel shall my sister's spirit be when thou liest howling!"

In Cordelia, too, youngest daughter of that grand impersonation of raging storms and echoing thunder, King Lear, are found virtues that cast a tint of loving light o'er all the scenes of that terror-tinted tale. Surrounded by avarice, treachery and deceit, listening to the loosened tongue of flattery, and observing that to her sisters the honeyed words of praise and pretense brought harvests great and golden, yet did she scorn to make the temper of her love a bid for kingly favor, lands or lover, and bowed to banishment from him for whom her heart was filled with love, rather than to plead it as the market-man would cry his wares. Cordelia thrust from the King with words of stinging cruelty does yet for him retain a daughter's tender love, and 'tis she, who when the stings of the thankless children that sharper than a serpent's tooth had pierced him to the heart, returns to Lear with ministrations gentle and soothing, loving words.

In the pictured life of Desdemona there is loyalty to truth and duty that must have thrilled to daintiest touch the hand by which 'twas painted. Her love for bravery and gallant deeds found in the dark-skinned Othello its highest expression, and being once reposed, held true, though tried by jealous doubt from him she loved and murderous clutches from the hands she fain would kiss.

In many pages more than my time to pen or present will permit, could I dwell on the beauty and the best that Shakespeare gave to the world. The valiant Othello, whose far remove from dissembling and deceit did make of him for treach-

ery an easy prize. Who loved not wisely but too well; one not easily jealous, but being wrought to extreme perplexity, like the base Indian threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe. The lion-like patrician, Coriolanus, who scorned the proffer of place and power at the hands of the Roman rabble and would not buy their mercy at the price of one fair word. Who fought for vengeance with the desperation of a demon, and in the hour of his greatest triumph was by the love of mother, wife and child prevailed to harmless drop the hand that in its grasp did hold the destiny of Rome. To Hamlet, too, in whom the loftiest heights of genius and inspired imagination have been reached, might words innumerable be given, but scarcely to my purpose would they add. Though noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in action, form and moving so express and admirable, in apprehension so little less than god-like, yet would not the sickened soul of Hamlet with the lighter colors of my picture blend.

Of the shades of life that Shakespeare drew, to the vile, revolting creatures of his brain, but little reference here will for my present purpose answer. Hardly more than mentioned need be the name of that arch-fiend of villiany, Iago, to bring the sum of his atrocious treachery before your eyes. Master of argument, keen and cutting in his gift of tongue, he gives free rein to all his poisonous powers and revels in the misery he creates as did the guarding prince of ancient hells. And slighter seems the need to more than name the murderous Macbeth, the vision-haunted victim of crime and outraged conscience; the kingly Richard, monarch not of aught that's pure or worthy, but the possessor of courage and bravery in battle that ranks him as a leader, with tongue so skilled in winning flattery as to drive hate from the heart of the woman he had most foully wronged, and with its snake-like charms to win her to his bosom. Where I would guide you as paths whereon the shades of Shakespeare fall, with murder, plots and crime the air is charged and full, and though at times along the way would flowers with perfume sweet appear, they too are charged with death, and who would pluck them must pay the penalty in full. The tragedies that mark the ends of Shakespeare's greatest plays, are but the natural fruit of the wrongs that fill his lines. Though foreseen by his genius, and at the instigation of his art ordained, yet none the less, beyond genius and above art does seem the truthful lesson taught that the wages of sin is death.

And yet, with all his sublime gifts, though far beyond us in much for which we strive and wait, does not the question fitting seem: What yet did Shakespeare lack that we can feel and know? where has his mighty genius sought to solve the deeper purposes of life? where do his teachings tend to take life's burdens from the heart? But few indeed are they to whom some hour of darkness does not come, when the guiding lights of life so dim and distant seem. In such an hour it is that the doubting heart and sin-sick soul do long for words of hope and promise, as the starved and famished lips for food or cooling drink. Would it be bread or stone that to such suppliants this sovereign delineator of passions most supreme would give? 'Tis only the freedom of death that is longed for by the repentants of Shakespeare. No knee is bent in prayer for mercy, save to the present tyrant who struts his hour of brief authority. His tales of love are beautiful, and some are pure, but hardly do the purest lead their objects to a healthful contemplation of the source divinely free from taint of selfishness or passion.

We honor to the full of all its due, the mind that lifts us to transcendent heights, and to the lore and wisdom of the world doth more than add a century's share; but even from such a mind we turn with hearts that hunger for the quiet rest of simple faith and peace abiding. The gentle "I will give you rest," falls soft and sweet on listening ears, and turning to behold their source, a scene appears and sounds are heard that holds the eye and fills the heart 'gainst all the world can show or give. 'Tis the gleam of hope eternal, the joy of love Divine, the gift of pardon full and free, that to our pen fits grander themes and bids our hearts rejoice that from His hands 'twas but a passing wave that caused the Lights and Shades that Shakespeare gave.

The religious census of Michigan University shows that 21 denominations are represented there. Among these there are nine Friends, two Adventists, two Mormons, and six of the Hebrew faith. In most of the departments the proportion of professing Christians is about 65 per cent., but in the law department it is about 45 per cent. About 38 per cent. of the church members are Methodists.

THE NORMAL NEWS.

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Atheneum—H. W. McIntosh, '87,—Personals.
Crescent—T. L. Evans, '87,—General News.
Olympic—Clark L Beebe, '87—Locals.
Students' Christian Association—T. L. Evans, '87.
BUSINESS MANAGER—James W. Kennedy, '87.

STUDENTS,

help those who help you. Here are their names:

Alban & Johnson, clothing and furnishing goods;
Bennett & Son, hacks and livery;
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Miss Clara A. Coleman, teacher of piano and organ;
S. H. Dodge, jewelry, silverware, etc.;
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The addresses in the new Normal catalogue will be used in mailing the commencement number to student subscribers. If any desire different addresses they should notify the business manager before leaving school.

WHEN the next and final number of THE NORMAL NEWS shall be issued the work of this school year will have been completed, the excitement and pleasures of commencement past, and the students will have departed for their summer vacation. This being the last opportunity of the year to address the Normal family at home, THE NEWS wishes to speak a few words for itself.

The fact that the names of only about one-third of the students attending the Normal are found on the subscription list of this paper is deemed sufficient reason for occupying this space at this time with such remarks as follow. It is presumed that most of the students will see and partially read this number and, therefore, our plea has a better chance of reaching those to whom it is especially addressed.

This is written in the hope that it may influence some to do what we think is their duty by subscribing for their school paper. We are not impelled to this by an empty treasury, for with the present subscription price and liberal patronage of advertisers, THE NORMAL NEWS is financially safe and prosperous. It is not entirely for the sake of a few hundred fifty-cent pieces that increased circulation is desired. The paper was established because it was thought that such a publication would prove a benefit to the institution and to the individual students. It may not have accomplished all that could be desired or expected of it, but we think no one will claim that it is harmful or useless; therefore, greater loyalty is asked of those who have been indifferent in the past.

First and chiefly let every senior consider his duty in the matter. Next commencement about one hundred will finish a course and next year nearly all of that number will be teaching in various parts of the state. All are proud of their *alma mater*, all will be pleased to receive bits of news and pleasant reminders of the school. Each number of THE NEWS bears on its back cover the names of those whom we are glad to own as our instructors, and the front cover exhibits the pictures of those buildings to which we have become so much attached. Thus every number goes forth, not only as a monthly reminder of happy Normal days, but an advertisement of the school whose name and influence we must all delight to spread abroad.

Seniors, don't let your love for that fifty cents

overcome your sense of duty. You may be in debt for the expenses of several years of schooling, but do not forget the little debts for which you never gave your note.

The circulation among alumni has never been so great as it should be. If each graduating class would do what seems to us its duty, this source of dissatisfaction would soon disappear.

To the students below the senior class, of whom the majority will return next year, we would say: Come back with fifty cents for the school paper; don't depend on reading one that someone else pays for. And when you have subscribed, just do a good thing by inducing one *new* student to do the same.

This has been written not so much to inform students and alumni of what they ought to do, as to remind them of some things that they already understand though some may not have thought of them in this connection.

EXAMINATIONS.

Where the work is thoroughly done, a written examination has no terrors. It can be made, when properly conducted, a valuable aid to the acquirement of a graceful and forceful diction.—Prof. Geo. Chambers.

I hold it possible, by an examination, deliberately and carefully conducted, to test and to estimate, in those who are submitted to it, not only formed knowledge on this or that subject, but intelligence, thoughtfulness and promise of future growth.—Canon Barry.

The law forbids the sale of stimulants to minors, but permits the teacher to stimulate and worry the immature brain of the child till nature rebels and lays the foundation for a revolution which, in future years, may develop that frightful Reign of Terror we call insanity.—Lucy A. Osband.

An examination which necessitated a mental process like "cramming" would be framed in the worst possible way, yet I find that it is such a process as this which is popularly denoted "cramming." The term must therefore be equivalent to "preparation for a bad examination."—G. S. Carr.

The plan of excusing from final examination those students whose daily recitations show an average as high as 85 has been almost universally adopted in Illinois College, and with satisfaction to all.—*The Rambler.*

To judge a teacher by written examination tests would be ridiculous in a German instructor's eyes. And right here is the bane of supervision in all English-speaking countries. It insists that the purpose of instruction is knowledge, and that it shall be given in such a way that it can be weighed and measured whenever the examiner shall drop in.—*Educator.*

Young men used to examinations will pick up just the information suited in a very short time, from an analysis or a tutor's note-book, and forget much in a few days. This power of "getting up" and carrying is not without practical value. It is the power which enables the lawyer to master a mass of details, and we may allow credit for this, for it shows a good analytical memory; but it must be observed that what is thus rewarded is not so much a knowledge of the special branch of study, as a power of acquiring.—Encyclopædia Britannica.

While I think that too much stress is placed upon showy examinations and celebrations, and that objections and dangers attend *examinations* as frequently conducted, I would not recommend altogether their discontinuance. I would rather urge that the teacher, by his inflexible honesty, should make them fair representations of the actual condition of his school, without relying very much upon them as a means of stimulating the pupils to exertion, that the pupils should be made to feel that the results of their exertion through the term, rather than a few special efforts near its close, would be brought into review; that no hypocrisy or management should ever be tolerated, in order to win the applause of the multitude; that no particular lessons should ever be assigned for the occasion; that it should be remembered that the moral effect of an occasional failure at examination will be more salutary upon the school than unbroken success; and that the children are irreparably injured, when they are made in any way the willing instruments of false pretension.—D. P. Page.

A few seniors have secured positions, and all those that have not, want one. The following are the engagements to date: Misses Woodin, Cloyes and Phelps, Elk Rapids; Miss Lowe, Chelsea; Misses Grattan and Fanson, Constantine; Marshall Pease goes to Cal.; C. L. Beebe, Marcellus; W. J. McKone, Morrice; C. M. Robbins, Blissfield.

A PARODY.

LUNA SHATTUCK.

In far distant years of the Crescent, they'll say,
'T was a society formed in a logical way,
And lasted a hundred years to a day;
And then of a sudden it—Ah, but stay—
I'll tell you what happened without delay.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-one,
Garfield's term had just begun—
Ohio's noblest Republican son.

In forming a society, I tell you what,
There's always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In prudence, sagacity, truth, or drill,
In knowledge, judgment,—lurking still;
Find it somewhere, you must and will,
And that's a reason, beyond a doubt,
A society breaks down; for its members wear out.

But the Crescents swore, (as Crescents do,
With an, "Oh dear me," or an, "I tell you,")
That they would form one to beat the schools,
Would found the same on the best of rules.
"Mutual improvement, mutual enjoyment," they said,
Is the motto by which we all shall be led.

So the Crescents pondered, and thought most deep,
Of a constitution which they could keep,
And whose harvest the coming members should reap.
They thought of speakers and motions and drill;
Hoped by clearness of laws disputes to still.
The preamble was wise, from firm intellects;
Simple, it is true, but why complex
To cause confusion and members perplex.
The articles each were drawn with concision,
Clearness, distinctness, simplicity, precision.
President, Vice, and Secretary, too,
Could always know just what to do.
Certain provisions, they also did name,
For Treasurer, Editor, and Chaplain.
That was the way they put it through.
"Now," said each Crescent, "I guess 'twill do."

Do! I tell you I rather guess
It was a wonder, and nothing less!
Freshmen grew seniors, beards turned gray,
Crescent after Crescent passed away,
Professors and students, where were they?
But still that constitution lay,
And the society prospered day by day.

Nineteen hundred, it came and found
The Crescent society strong and sound.
Nineteen hundred increased by ten,
"Normal stand-by," they called it then.
Nineteen hundred and forty came,
Working as usual, much the same.
Fifty, sixty and seventy come,
And then, eighty and eighty-one.
Little of all we value here,
Wakes on the mourn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large:
Take it! You're welcome! No extra charge!)

First of September, eighty-one,
The evening of reopening did come.
Now small boys, get out of the hall,
For the mighty Normalites require it all.
Each president suddenly begins to quiver,
For soon it is his a speech to deliver.
First a shiver and then a thrill,
And then a moment oh so still,
For just as soon as the bell did sound
There came a message, most profound,
"Not a Crescent is able to be found
Either in Normal or country round."
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and no part first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of parody of "One Horse Shay."
A parody is a parody, that's all I say.

FAITH.

GEORGIA A. SHAW, S C. A.

In a brief presentation of the above subject, I shall not regard as my definition that of Paul, "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," but that higher and better though undefined belief in the Fatherhood of God and the kinship of humanity; that foundation of hope which underlies the best of life, which sanctifies our every sorrow and lightens the burdens that, but for its existence, would bend their bearers beneath the accumulation of doubt and despair.

Faith in the existence of an omnipotent and infinite God; faith in the words that come to us through the inspiration of His will and love; faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, His son and our Savior; true, loving faith in the purity and purpose of Jesus' life, and reverent grateful faith in the gifts that came to the world through His death,—these are the definitions of faith that make the word the holiest and sweetest formed by the tongue of man and that places it even nearer to the heart of the world than those other dear and sacred words, mother, home, and heaven; because through faith is the love of mother holier and more helpful made, from faith does home its highest happiness derive, and only with faith are its purest relations formed, and heaven itself is the gift of faith and the life that faith inspires and forms.

Will this faith remain in the world? Will it continue to help in hours of darkness and times of trouble? Will the hope it creates, the love it incites, the zeal it inspires and the lives it moulds and forms, ever cease to exist, or become changed through the death and departure of faith? Were the answers to these questions to come from the limited light the wisdom of man affords, but little might be the comfort and consolation they would give. For 'tis a secret that to the listening, longing spirit is whispered, a problem of life that by the soul, not science, must be solved; and the answers to questions which involve the depth and duration of faith in God will come, not to the lives and minds most learned and highest developed in the world's logic and learning, but to the lives and hearts that nearest to God through sympathy are drawn.

To the lives that follow in the footsteps of the author and finisher of faith, to the hearts that are warmed and made tender by the glow and glory of His love, will come that blest assurance, "Though heaven and earth pass away, my word shall not pass away"—an assurance that the struggles of life cannot disturb, that the darkness of death does not dispel.

In the gardens of some lives, the flowers of faith may fade and fall for the lack of the moisture of love and strength of duty from which they ever draw sustaining power, but they will bloom in all the hearts that careful culture give, and higher and wider will their fragrance extend until their perfume envelops the world and sheds its sweetness on even the path that leads down to the grave.

No more has faith in God aught to fear from the polished sneers of the skeptic scholars who deem its simple exercise unworthy of their acceptance; and less indeed be its fears from the opposition of the smooth-tongued jesters who make its very sacredness the subject of their ribaldry and clownish wit.

That faith in God has at times been perverted and its semblance made to serve the selfish schemes of men and church and state, are truths to which history does fully point and prove; but that it survived the ignorance and idolatry, the selfishness and schemes of men and institutions of the ages through which it has passed, and stands before the world to-day, stronger for the struggle, and purer and better by reason of the battles which against it have been waged, are truths to which our histories and our hearts alike do willing assent give.

Faith will not leave the world while life remains. While even we who dwell within the very zenith of its brightness may at times grow cold and careless and from its narrow path may stray, yet hours to all our lives will come when low we'll bend to catch its faintest whisper, and with almost bursting hearts will bless the lips that to us then will bring the message from a friendly heart that God does live, that death is not eternal and that beyond the grave is life and love and faith forever.

Faith is not the dream of an enthusiast, but a reality more enduring than the mountains, and with greater power to brighten and to bless the world than all besides that life can show or give. It stands beside the cradle and dedicates the life it holds to paths sinless and pure; it keeps step with our firmer tread and whispers words of hope and cheer when lone and long the journey seems; it follows to the grave with all its tender truths untouched, and it stands beyond the tomb to crown the life it happy made and helped and saved.

LOCALS.

Examination exercises June 23, 24, and 25. All are invited to take part.

Baccalaureate Address will be given by Prof. Sill.

Senior class colors are maize and cardinal.

Junior class colors are Nile green and salmon pink.

Dorgan has turned *Miller*.

Arrangements are being made in the different classes of the 6th, 7th, and 8th grades of the Training School for reading contests to occur before close of term.

The regular annual mock trial of the Olympics begins Friday evening, May 27.

The McDowell club had its appearance transfered to paper recently.

Both the senior class picture and the Faculty picture were taken Tuesday by Mr. Humphrey of Ann Arbor.

The Normal choir assisted by Schremrer's grand Detroit orchestra and Arthur Beresford, a magnificent basso, late of England, also by Mr. Fayram and Thos. Condon, both of Detroit, will give a concert in Normal hall, Tuesday evening, June 7.

"Maybe you think you can teach our school without any previous experience, maybe you think you are capable of holding the position. I don't think you are." So writes a director to a worthy applicant.

W. J. McKone, by request of the Morrice school board, has been arranging a course of study to be adopted by that school, over which he is to preside as principal next year.

Childs, the florist, gives us a large advertisement this month. Let his patronage be rewarded in proportion to his generosity.

One of our ladies of the senior class says that where she is going to teach next year they have five rooms and five teachers heated by steam.

Prof. Sill announced in chapel, the other morning, that the courses of the Normal would not be materially changed as has been rumored, and the heart of the junior was glad.

"The palm is not gained without effort" is the senior class motto. We would give the juniors' motto, but we can't read it.

Prof. George gave to his professional class in reading an interesting report of the state superintendents' meeting at Olivet.

The name of Waterman, the photographer, is found among our advertisers for the first time this month. Remember there are only four weeks more till the students' picture season is over.

A considerable number of interesting local and personal items were unavoidably crowded out of this number.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Friday, June 24—Junior Class Day Exercises 2:30 p. m.; Closing Exercises of Conservatory of Music 7:30 p. m.

Sunday, 26—Meeting of Christian Association 3:00 p. m.; Baccalaureate Address 7:30 p. m.

Monday, 27—Closing Exercises of Training School 9:00 a. m.; Senior Class Day Exercises 2:30 p. m.; Almnia Meeting 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday, 28—Commencement 9:30 a. m.

PERSONALS.

Prof. McLouth visited the Normal, May 3d. He is now installed in his new position, president of the Dakota Agricultural College.

Mr. Seaman has returned to the Normal after a year's time in the West.

Mr. McDonald, after having tested the science of pedagogy for a few months, has again put in his appearance at the Normal.

Mr. Williams, principal, South Lyon, spent a few days at the Normal the first of the month. He reports his work favorably.

Mr. P. F. Powers of *The Ypsilantian* kindly contributed "Lights and Shades of Shakespeare," at request of editor.

Just as the last pages were in form, the Normal students were startled by announcement of the death of Henry Woodley. He had not attended school regularly for several weeks, and it was known to his intimate friends that he was seriously indisposed. On Thursday preceding his death, he was about the Normal building. On Monday, May 23, he died. Short services were held at the house in the evening, after which the friends started for Leslie with the body. Regular funeral services were held at Leslie and the body interred there.

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CHINESE LAUNDRY!

HING LEE, PROPRIETOR.

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I wish to thank the students for past favors, and solicit a continuance of the same during the coming year.

-:PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES!:-

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CUT FLOWERS,

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Use them in your Literary Societies, Receptions, Etc., and send them to your sick friends. Orders filled promptly by

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The Opera House Barber Shop

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

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Proprietor of the Opera House Barber Shop, solicits the patronage of the Students, and will strive to merit the same. Give him a call.

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Clothiers and Gents' Furnishers.

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Hats and Caps, Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs,

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W. L. Pack, Cashier.

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WE SELL IT CHEAP,
WE REPAIR ON SHORT NOTICE,
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Bus and Hack to and from all Trains. All Hack Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

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W. H. SWEET

For everything in the

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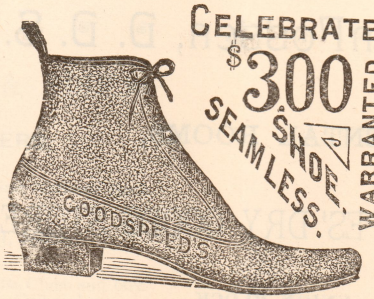
Where you will find a nice line of

NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS!

SPRING JACKETS,

New Spring Millinery, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Ruchings, etc.

Special attention is called to our Ready-Made Ladies' Muslin Underwear, at prices lower than you can hire them made.



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We have the Largest and Best Stock of

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IN THE CITY.

PRICES ROCK BOTTOM

GOODSPEED & SONS

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Normal Conservatory of Music-Seventh Year

Director, F. H. PEASE, Professor of Music in the Michigan State Normal School.

TEACHERS.

FREDERIC H. PEASE, Director, Teacher of Voice Cultivation and Singing, Piano, Organ, Harmony, Composition, and Counterpoint, and Methods of Teaching and Conducting Music. Terms $25 a quarter.

MR. FREDERICK ABEL, JR., of Detroit, Teacher of Piano and Violoncello. Mr. Abel is a graduate of the Conservatory of Frankfort, Germany, and a pupil of Raff. $20 a quarter.

MISS JESSIE L. PEASE, Teacher of Piano. Miss Pease is a pupil of the Director, and of J. H. Hahn of the Detroit Conservatory of Music. $20 a quarter.

MISS HELEN HEWITT, Piano. Pupil of the Director and J. H. Hahn of Detroit Conservatory of Music. $12 a quarter.

HERR G. PAUL HABENICHT, Teacher of Violin, Viola, Cornet, and all Brass Instruments. $20 a quarter.

MISS CLARA LOUISE HAYES, late of Boston, Voice Culture and Singing. $18 a quarter.

REGULATIONS.

Pupils are free to choose the teachers from whom they wish to take lessons, but they must first give their names to the Director, who will assign them hours for lessons and practice.

Members of the Normal Conservatory will be admitted to all concerts and recitals. Pupils will have opportunity to play at recitals during the entire course. The Director will have supervisiou of all pupils, and may be consulted by pupils, parents and guardians as to the best course to take, and to progress and improvement made.

The Conservatory year is divided into quarters of ten weeks each as follows—Fall Quarter begins Sept. 13; Winter Quarter begins November 22; Spring Quarter begins Feb. 6; Summer Quarter begins April 18. The Fall and Spring Quarters begin with the regular terms of the State Normal School, accommodating those who wish to attend both.

For special circular containing terms, address,

FREDERIC H. PEASE, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Fairchild & Co.,

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MEAT MARKETS!

OUR MOTTO—"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."

Come and Try our MEATS and PRICES, and satisfy yourselves.

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GIVE US A TRIAL.

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OVER THE POSTOFFICE,

Is one of the best in the state. Call and see for yourself. We guarantee first-class work.

Students will find it to their interest to get their work done here, as we do all our own work and are able to finish it on short notice.

Please call, and make our rooms your headquarters.

J. J. STEPHENSON.

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Jewelry & Silverware.

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Gasoline in any Quantity.

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Circulars giving analysis of the water, with directions for using, sent on application.

MINERAL WATER BITTERS, prepared from Water from the Owen Well; free from Alcohol, and possessing all the intrinsic merits of the water.

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MINERAL WATER SOAP, for the Toilet, Bathing, and all Skin Diseases. We offer the only perfect Mineral Water Soap, which surpasses all others in its Antiseptic, Disinfectant, Healing, and Deodorizing Qualities, containing Bromine.

Used successfully in Cancer, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and all Skin Diseases, Blood Poisoning, Hemorrhoids or Bleeding Piles, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchial Affections, Cholera Morbus or Summer Complaint, Rheumatism and Sciatica, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Erysipelas, Sick Headache, Mercurial Poisoning, Sore Throat, Inflamed Eyes, Ivy Poisoning, Bee Stings, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Sprains, etc., etc.

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The News Directory.

NORMAL SOCIETIES.

(Meet each Friday evening at 7:30.)

OLYMPIC—Officers: Pres., W. H. Dorgan; Rec. Sec., Mattie McFarlane.

CRESCENT—Officers: Pres., W. E. Hicks; Rec. Sec., Jean McDiarmid.

ATHENEUM—Officers: Pres., Kittie M. Stewart; Rec. Sec., Claude Larzelere.

ADELPHIC—Officers: Pres., W H. Foster; Rec. Sec., Esther Phelps.

NORMAL LYCEUM, composed of the above named Societies in joint session. The public exercises are held under this name. Executive Committee—Fred Snow, W. F. Lewis, Harry D. Thompson, Sam Gier.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Pres., Thomas L. Evans. Meets in Conservatory Hall the first Sunday of each month at 3:00 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 6:30. Business meetings, subject to call.

CHURCHES OF YPSILANTI.

BAPTIST—Corner Cross and Washington streets; Rev. J. L. Cheney, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN—Washington street; Rev. W. A. McCorkle, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., and 7:00 p. m.

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL—Huron street; Rev. T. W. MacLean, Rector; Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S CATHOLIC—Cross street; Rev. Father W. DeBever, Pastor; Sunday services, first Mass, 8:00 a. m., High Mass, 10:30 a. m., Vespers, 3 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Corner Washington and Ellis streets; Rev. I. E. Springer, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL—Corner Adams and Emmet streets; Rev. M. W. Fairfield, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m.

A. M. E.—Adams street; Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, Pastor; Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m.

RAILROADS.

(Trains run by Central Standard time.)

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

Trains arrive from the East: 8:01, 10:12, a. m., 2:20, 5:12, 8:58, 10:20, p. m.

Trains arrive from the West: 4:52, 6:24, 10:40, a. m., 4:50, 5:45, 9:56 p. m.

L. S. & M. S.—YPSILANTI DIVISION.

Train arrives from the West: 5:10 p. m.

Train leaves for the West: 9:00 a. m.

Michigan State Normal School

FACULTY—SEPTEMBER, 1886.

J. M. B. SILL, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

DANIEL PUTNAM, A. M., VICE-PRINCIPAL,
Mental and Moral Science, and Theory and Art of Teaching.

JULIA A. KING, PRECEPTRESS,
History.

FREDERIC H. PEASE,
Vocal and Instrumental Music, and Director of the Conservatory of Music.

CHARLES FITZ ROY BELLOWS, M. A., C. E.,
Mathematics.

AUGUST LODEMAN, M. A.,
German and French Languages.

AUSTIN GEORGE, M. A.,
Director of the Training School.

LUCY A. OSBAND, M. A.,
Natural Sciences.

EDWIN A. STRONG, M. A.,
Physical Sciences.

FLORUS A. BARBOUR, B. A.,
English Language and Literature.

JOHN GOODISON,
Drawing and Geography.

BENJAMIN L. D'OOGE, M. A.,
Latin and Greek Languages.

HELEN M. POST,
Instructor in Grammar and French.

WILLIAM H. BROOKS,
Critic in Grammar Grades of Training School.

LOIS A. McMAHON,
Instructor in English Literature.

ANNA A. PATON,
Instructor in History and German.

HENRY T. COE,
Instructor in Mathematics.

AMELIA HALE,
Instructor in Mathematics.

CHARLES E. ST. JOHN.
Instructor in Physical Sciences.

ABBIE PEARCE,
Critic in Primary Grades of Training School.

LYDIA E. KNISS,
Instructor in History.

WILLIS A. WEEKS,
Instructor in Ancient Languages.

WILBUR P. BOWEN,
Instructor in Mathematics.

CLARENCE E. SMITH, B. S.,
Instructor in English.

FANNY H. WOOD,
Clerk and Instructor.

FLORENCE GOODISON,
Librarian.

REQUISITES FOR ADMISSION.

All applicants for admission are examined in Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, Reading and Spelling.

Applicants who desire will be examined for admission to any of the advanced classes. Certificates of standing from any approved school will be accepted in all studies except those named below, and no examination will be required. These certificates, however, must be signed by the superintendent or the principal teacher of the school and must state definitely the text-book used, the amount and quality of work done, and the time given to the study. Blank forms for these certificates will be furnished on application.

Certificates of standing will not be taken in those branches required by law, for the third grade legal license to teach, namely: Orthography, Reading, Writing, Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, U. S. History, Civil Government, and that part of Physiology or Hygiene which has special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system.

COURSES OF STUDIES AND INSTRUCTION.

Five regular courses of instruction are arranged: Scientific, Literary, Ancient Languages, Modern Langnages, each four years, and a shorter English course of three years. A special course in Music, and other special courses may be selected.

CERTIFICATES AND DIPLOMAS.

Pupils graduating and receiving Diplomas from any course, are entitled to legal certificates of qualification to teach in any of the public schools of the State. Graduates of the English Course will receive a certificate for five years; of the other courses for life.

APPOINTMENTS AND TUITION.

The school year is divided into two terms of twenty weeks each. Every student, not holding an appointment from a member of the State Legislature, is required to pay five dollars in advance each term.

Each member of the Legislature is authorized to appoint two students from his district, who will be received on the presentation of a certificate of appointment, free of charge. The certificate must be presented at the time of admission, or the regular fee will be required. Each appointment is good for one year only.

BOARD AND EXPENSES.

Students can board only at such places and under such regulations as are approved by the Faculty. Gentlemen and ladies cannot occupy rooms at the same house, unless by special permission first obtained from the Principal. Board and furnished rooms can be obtained in private families at rates varying from $3.00 to $4.00 per week. Many, by "clubbing," reduce the expense of board to $2.00 or $2.25 per week. Others board themselves, and thereby bring their expenses within $2.00 per week.

For catalogue or further information address, Principal of Normal School, Ypsilanti.

B. W. JENKS, PRESIDENT.
J. M. BALLOU.
S. S. BABCOCK, TREASURER.
JOSEPH ESTABROOK, SECRETARY.
State Board of Education.